THE

COMPARISON.

A NEW SONG

Sung at Sadlers Wells,

ON Pleaſure's ſmooth wings, ſee old Time
ſteals away,
Since love's fatal flame led the ſhepherd aſtra,
My days, O ye ſwains were a roun dof delight,
From the cool of the morn to the ſtillneſs of night
No care found a place in my cottage or breſt
But health and content all the year was my gueſt,

It was then no ſair Phillis my heart could enſnare,
With voice or with feature, with dreſs or with air
So kindly young Cupid had pointed his dart,
That I gath'er'd the ſweet,s but I miſt of the ſmart
I toy, for a while, then I rov'd like the Bee,
But ſtill all my ſong was I'll never be free,
I was then every object freſh raptures did yidld,

If I ſtray'd thr'o the garden, or travers'd the field,
Ten thouſand gay ſcenes were diſplay'd to my
ſight,
If the nightingale ſang I could liſten all night,
With my read I could pipe to the tune of tho
'ſtream,
And wake to new life from a rapt'rous dream

But now ſince for Hebe in ſecret I ſigh,
Alas, what a change, how unhappy am I,
Adieu to the charms of valley and glade,
Their ſweets now all ſicken their colours all fade
No muſick I find now in Philomel's ſtrain,
And the brook o'er the peebles now murmur in
vain,

They ſay that ſhe's kind, but no kindneſs I ſee,
She ſmiles upon others but frowns upon me,
Then teach me bright Venus perſuaſions of art,
And aid me by reaſon to ranſome my heart,
To crown me deſires and to baniſh my pain,
Give love to the nymph, or give eaſe to the ſwain,